

54/135

(No. 1)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1790.

A C T I.

DETTENGEN TE DEUM.

Handel.

A C T II.

OVERTURE.

CHORUS. O the pleasure of the plains. } *Acis and Galat.*

RECIT. O gracious God. } *(Joseph.)* *Handel.*

SONG. Thou hadst, my Lord. }

CONCERTO 2d. (*Opera 2d.*) *Martini.*

SONG. Io di mia man. (*Alcide al Beviò.*) *Hasse.*

Gloria Patri. (*Jubilate.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Se discordia ne disciolse. (*Sofarme.*) *Handel.*

CONCERTO 1st. (*Opera 1st.*) *Geminiani.*

RECIT. 'Tis done; thus I exert. } (*Acis and Galat.*) *Handel.*

SONG. Heart, the feat. }

Zadock the Priest. *Handel.*



A C T I.

T E D E U M.

Handel.

WE praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the
Lord

All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the
powers therein.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin : continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy : Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles : praise thee.

The

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise thee.

The noble army of the Martyrs : praise thee.

The holy church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge thee.

The Father : of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver Man : thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of Death : thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou fittest at the right hand of God : in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come : to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people : and bless thine heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day

(5)

Day by day : we magnify thee.

And we worship thy Name : ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

B

ACT

A C T II.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O The pleasure of the plains!
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains;
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us distills the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the Winters rain,
For us the Summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And Autumn bleeds the vine,

Da Capo.

R E C I T. Miss P O O L.

O gracious God,
We merit well this scourge, but thou art he,
Whose property is ever to have mercy.

SONG:

(7)

S O N G.

Thou hadst, my Lord,
A father once—perhaps hast now—O feel,
Feel then for us—as thou didst love thy own,
O pity ours—feel then our anguish, feel.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Hasse.*

Io di mia man la fronte
T'adornerò d'allori,
Terger ne i bei sudori
Io di mia man saprò,
Piane le vie scoscese,
Certe le dubbie imprese
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world
without end. Amen.

S O N G.

S O N G. Mifs P O O L.

Se discordia ne disciolse
Pace unirne oggi suprà
Nel nemico disarmato
Stringa il Padre un figlio ingrato
E se l'ira a me lo tolse
Me lo renda la pieta.

Da Capo.

R E C I T. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

A I R.

Heart, the feat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

C O R O N A T I O N A N T H E M.

Zadock the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed
Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced, and said, God
save the king—long live the king—may the king live for ever.
Hallelujah. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

(No. 2)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (*Scipio.*) Handel.
SONG. Parto ma-tu ben mio. Hasse.
CONCERTO 4th. Corelli, Geminiani.
CHORUS. O God, who in thy, &c. (*Joseph*) Handel.
RECIT. and SONG. Berence, ove sei. (*Lucio Vero*) Jomelli.
CONCERTO 1st. (*Opera 8th*) Martini.
CHORUS. From the censer. (*Solomon.*) Handel.

A C T II.

CONCERTO 4th. (*Opera 3d.*) Geminiani.
RECIT. A father offering up his only child. } (*Jept.*) Handel.
SONG. Waft her Angels. }
CHORUS. Fallen is the foe. (*Judas Macchabæus.*) Handel.
SONG. Baccio per me la mano. (*Richard.*) Handel.
CONCERTO 2d. (*Opera 4th*) Avison.
SONG. Verdi Prati. (*Alcina.*) Handel.
ANTHEM. My heart is inditing. Handel.

A C T I.

SONG. Miss POOL.

Hæffe.

PARTO mà tu ben mio
Meco ritorna in pace
Sarò qual piu te piace
Quel che vorrai farò
Guardami e tutto oblio
E à vendecarti io volo.
Di quello sguardo solo
Io mi ricordero.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O God, who in thy heavenly hand
Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob, and his land,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us share,
O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

R E C I T.

RECIT. and SONG.

Jomelli.

Bernice, ove sei?
 Qual funesto apparato
 Di Spavento, e di lutto?
 Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
 Reggia dolente e fiera?
 Forse quì di Tieste
 Si rinovan le Cene, e langue il giorno
 Fuggitivo così, perchè tra queste,
 Soglie, funeste, oh Dio?
 Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio!
 Aihmé sogno o son desta?
 Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
 Del moribondo Sposo?—chi son per questi
 Gemiti di chi langue
 Singulti di chi spira—E quell' oscura
 Caligine profonda,
 De là s' inalza, e mostra
 Non so qual simulacro a gli occhj miei—
 Quella—sì quella—oh Dei già la ravviso,
 E del mio Vologeso
 L'ombra mesta e dolente?
 Ah barbaro tiranno
 Uccidesti il mio sposo
 Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

(5)

S O N G.

Ombra, che pallida
Fai quì soggiorno;
Larva che squallida
Mi giri intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no pace non v'è.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Handel.

From the censer curling rise
Grateful incense to the skies;
Heaven blesses David's throne,
Happy, happy Solomon.
Live, live for ever, pious David's son:
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

B

A C T

(6)

A C T II.

RECIT. Miss POOL.

Handel.

A FATHER offering up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

S O N G.

Handel.

Waft her, Angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

CHORUS.

(7)

C H O R U S.

Fall'n is the foe;
So fall thy foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

S O N G. Mr. K E L L Y. *Handel.*

Baccio per me la manó
Del caro Idol mio
Digli che per lui moró.
E son contenta
Dirai che la mia pena
Il non veder to oh Dio
Ma che la pena sua
Piu mi tormenta.

Da Capo.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Verdi prati, e selve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghe fior, correnti Rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornera.

A N T H E M.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

My heart is inditing of a good matter; I speak of the things
which I have made unto the king.

King's daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture of gold;
and the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing
mothers.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. 3)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH:

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE in Saul, and Dead March.. *Handel.*

RECIT. and CHORUS. The body comes. (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

FUNERAL ANTHEM. *Handel.*

RECIT. Io vado. } *Pergolesi.*
AIR. Si cerca se dice. }

CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*

RECIT. O worse than death. } *(Theodora.) Handel.*
SONG. Angels ever-bright: }

CHORUS. The Lord shall reign. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

A C T II.

OVERTURE. (*Otho.*) *Handel.*

SONG. The prince unable. (*Alexander's Feast.*) *Handel.*

DUET and CHORUS. Caro bella. (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*

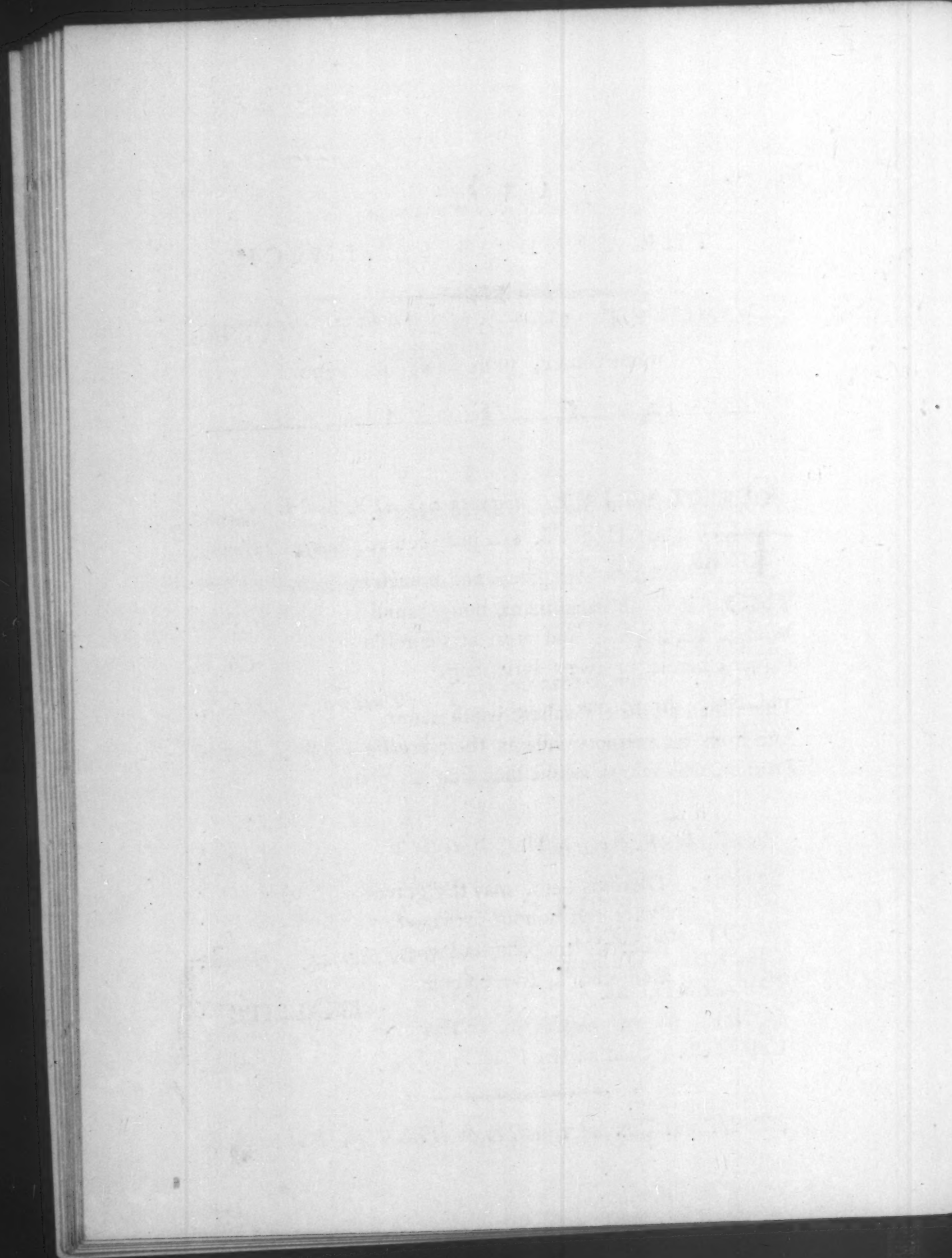
RECIT. and SONG. Sound. } *(Judas Maccab.) Handel.*
CHORUS. We hear. }

CONCERTO 2d. *Bond.*

SONG. As with rosy Steps. (*Theodora*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Gird on thy sword. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*

 The next CONCERT will be on Wednesday, February 24.



A C T I.

RECITATIVE. Signora S T O R A C E.

THE body comes; we'll meet it on the way
With laurels ever green, and branching palm;
Then lay it in his monument, hung round
With all his trophies, and great acts enroll'd
In verse heroic, or sweet lyric song.

There shall all Ifr'el's valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, whilst they sing his praise.

A I R. Mr. S A L E.

MANOA. Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

ISRAELITE

ISRAELITE WOMAN. Sig. STORACE.

The virgins too shall on their feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, and there bewail
His loss unfortunate in nuptial choice.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

A I R.

May every hero fall like thee,
Through sorrow to felicity.

C H O R U S.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

FUNERAL

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Handel.

QUARTETTO. Miss POOL, Mr. KNYVETT,
Mr. KELLY, and Mr. SALE.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the
eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

C H O R U S.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him
that had none to help him—Kindness, meekness, and comfort
were in his tongue; if there was any virtue, and if there was
any praise, he thought on those things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace,

C H O R U S.

But his name liveth evermore.

B

RECIT.

(6)

RECIT. Signora STORACE. *Pergolese.*

Io vado
Deh pensà ad Aristeo
(Che dirà mai?
Quando in se tornerà
Tutte ho presenti?
Tutte le smanie sue)
Licida, ah senti.

A I R.

Se cerca, se dice
L' amico dov'è?
L' amico infelice
Respondi, mori.
Ah no! sì gran duolo
Non darle per me.
Respondi, ma suolo
Piangendo porti.

Che abisso di pene
Lasciare il suo bene,
Lasciorlo per sempre,
Lasciorlo così,

RECIT.

(7)

RECIT. Miss POOL.

Handel.

O worse than death, indeed!—Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me or to the rack, or to the flames;—
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

S O N G.

Angels, ever-bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

C H O R U S.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, and with
his horsemen, into the sea; and the Lord brought again the
waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on
dry land in the midst of the sea.

C H O R U S.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT.

(8)

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them.

AIR and CHORUS Sig^{ra}. STORACE.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

ACT

A C T II.

S O N G. Signora S T O R A C E.

Handel.

THE prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast:
The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

C

DUET

DUET and CHORUS. Miss POOL and Sig^{ra}. STORACE.

Handel.

Cleo } *Caro,*
Ces } *Bella,*

Più amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non splenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedeltà

Da te } Disciolto.
Da me }

Da Capo.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Ritorni ormai nel nostro Core
La bella Gioia ed'il piacer.
Sgombrato é il sen d'ogni dolore
Ciascun ritorni ora a goder.

D U E T.

Un bel contento il sen già si prepara
Se tu farai costante ogn'or per me,
Così forti dal cor la doglia amara
E sol vi resta amor, Costanza, è fè.

Da Capo.
RECIT.

R E C I T. Mr. K E L L Y.

My arms.—Against this *Gorgias* will I go;
The *Idumean* Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While Rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

S O N G.

Sound an alarm.—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around
Who listeth, follow. — To the field again.—
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

C H O R U S.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call:
And follow thee to conquest.—If to fall,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

S O N G. Miss P O O L.

Handel.

As with rosy steps the morn
Advancing, drives the shades of night,
So, from virtuous toils well-borne,
Raise Thou our hopes of endless light.
Triumphant Saviour! Lord of day!
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way!

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might
Pursue thy wonted fame ;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand, with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay ;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1790.

A C T I.

- OVERTURE to Esther. *Handel.*
SONG. Pleasure, my former ways. (*Time and Truth.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 7th. *Corelli.*
AIR and CHORUS. Bacchus ever fair. (*Alex. Feast.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Lo here my love. }
AIR. Love in her eyes. } (*Acis and Galatea.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. (*Opera 3d.*) *Geminiani.*
RECIT. Ye sacred priests. }
SONG. Farewell, ye limpid streams. } (*Jeptba.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Search round the world. }
CHORUS. May no rash intruder. } (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*
-

A C T II.

- OVERTURE 5th. *Martini.*
SONG. Softly sweet: (*Alexander's Feast.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. The many rend the skies. (*Alex. Feast.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 6th. Grand. *Handel.*
CANTATA. (*Euridice.*) *Pergolesi.*
INTRODUCTION and }
CHORUS. Ye sons of Israel. } (*Josbua*) *Handel.*

(3)

A C T I.

SONG: Miss POOL.

Handel.

PLEASURE my former ways resigning,
To virtue's cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave—
Left when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give.

Da Capo.

A I R.

A I R. Mr. S A L E.

Handel.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

C H O R U S.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

A I R.

(5)

RECIT, Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

Lo here my love !
Turn Galatea, hither turn thine eyes :
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

A I R.

Love in her eyes fits playing,
And sheds delicious death ;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.

RECIT. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will ? The call
Of heav'n with humble resignation I obey.

B

A I R.

(6)

A I R.

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods:
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY. *Handel.*

Search round the world, there never yet was seen
So wise a Monarch, or so bright a Queen.

C H O R U S.

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours;
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flowers.
Ye zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

ACT

A C T II.

A I R. Miss POOL. *Handel.*

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

C CANTATA.

CANTATA. Signora STORACE. *Pergolesi.*

Nel chiuso centro, ove ogni luce affonna,
 Allor che pianse in compagnia
 D'amore, della smarrita donna
 Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
 Giunse di Tracia il vate.
 Al suo dolore qui sciolse il freno,
 A rintracciar pietate
 E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti
 Al alma sventurate,
 Sulla cetra narrando i suoi tormenti,
 Temprò la gena, e debellò lo sdegno.
 Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

A R I A.

Euridice! e dove sei!
 Chi m'ascolta? chi m'addita?
 Dov'è il degl'occhi miei?
 Chi farà che torni in vita;
 Chi al mio cor la tenderà?

INTRO.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS

Handel.

Ye sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks, proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

1844

INTRODUCTION

OF THE

THE

AND

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	<i>(Castor and Pollux.)</i>	<i>Rameau.</i>
SONG.	What Passion. <i>(Dryden's Ode.)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO	2d.	<i>Ricciotti.</i>
SONG.	Parmi che giunta in porto. <i>(Radamisso.)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
ANTHEM.	O sing unto the Lord.	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

OVERTURE.	<i>(Dardanus.)</i>	<i>Rameau.</i>
SONG.	Si pieta.	<i>Hasse.</i>
CHORUS.	O Baal, &c. <i>(Deborah.)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO	11th. Grand.	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Dove sei. <i>(Rodelinda.)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS.	Fix'd in his everlasting feat. <i>(Samson.)</i>	<i>Handel.</i>

(No. 2)

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1890

ACT I

OPERTURE (by Handel)
SONG, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)
CONCERTO (by Vivaldi)
SONG, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)
ANYTHING (by Handel)

ACT II

OPERTURE (by Handel)
SONG, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)
CHORUS, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)
CONCERTO (by Vivaldi)
SONG, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)
CHORUS, "The Echo Song" (by Thomas)

A C T I.

S O N G. Miss POOL.

Handel.

WHAT passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well,
What passion cannot music raise and quell!

S O N G.

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Parmi che giunta in porto
Io stringa il mio conforto
E l' aura il legno,
E l'onda accrescono il contento.
Par che mi dica il fato
Per te mi son placato
E par ch' amor risponda
Ogni dolor' è spento.

A N T H E M. *Handel.*

AIR, Sig. STORACE, and CHORUS.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; O sing unto the Lord all
the whole earth.

C H O R U S.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto all
people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised;
he is more to be feared than all gods.

AIR.

(5)

A I R. Mr. K E L L Y.

The waves of the sea rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwells on high is mightier.

D U E T. Signora S T O R A C E and Mr. K E L L Y.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

C H O R U S.

Let all the whole earth stand in awe of him. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

B

A C T

(6)

A C T II.

SONG. Miss POOL.

Haſſe.

Se pietà, dà voi non trovo,
Lo tiranno affanno mio.
Dove mai cercar poſſ'io
Da chi mai Sperar pietà
Ah per me dell' empie ſfere
Al tenor Barbaro, e nuovo
Ogni tenero dovere
Se converte in crudeltà.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE. Mr. GRIFFITHS. *Handel.*

Behold the nations all around,
What God like Baal is renown'd?
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the slaves their duty know.

C H O R U S.

O Baal! Monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
From thee the sun immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, and rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flowers perfume the thickets shade:
And 'tis, by the event, confess'd
Thy votaries alone are blest'd.

C

RECIT.

RECITATIVE. Mr. SALE.

No more ! ye infidels, no more !
False is the god whom ye adore ;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine,
None, but such wretches, can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity ! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;
Look down ! look down ! from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known ;
Plead thy just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes !

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Dove sei, amato bene ?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
Jehovah rules the world in state,
Great Dagon rules the world in state.
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.
The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze,
Jehovah is, of gods, the first and last.
Great Dagon is, of gods, the first and last.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

CHORUS

Fixed in the everlasting form,
Jehovah rules the world in flame,
Great Dragon rules the world in flame,
His thunder roars, heavy thunders, and earth's agitant,
The seas with deep sinners,
Remain in feeble gaze,
Jehovah is, of gods, the first and last, Jehovah is,
Great Dragon is, of gods, the first and last, Jehovah is.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1790.

A C T I.

- OVERTURE. (*Richard.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Around let acclamations ring. (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Non fo d'onde viene. *Bach.*
CHORUS. Blest be the hand. (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Oft on a plat. (*L' Allegro.*) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 9th. *Geminiani. Corelli.*
SONG. Dolce riposo. (*Tesco.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Sing, O ye heavens. (*Belshazzar.*) *Handel.*
-

A C T II.

- CONCERTO 4th. *Martini.*
SONG. Where'er you walk, (*Semele.*) *Handel.*
AIR and CHORUS. Tyrants would. (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*
TRIO. The flocks forsake the mountains. (*Acis and Galatea.*)
CONCERTO 6th. *Corelli.*
RECIT. { Such news flies swift } *Jephtha.* *Handel.*
 { For joys so vast— }
SONG. Happy they. *Handel.*
CHORUS. The mighty power. (*Athalia.*) *Handel.*

READ ONLY, DE WILTON

CONCERT OF ANTIEN MUSIC

A C T I

OVERTURE
CHORUS Around the mountain range (Albino) Handel
SONG No. 1 in G major (Albino) Handel
CHORUS No. 1 in G major (Albino) Handel
SONG On the banks of the river (Albino) Handel
CONCERTO No. 1 in G major (Albino) Handel
SONG Echoes (Albino) Handel
CHORUS No. 2 in G major (Albino) Handel

A C T II

CONCERTO No. 2 in G major (Albino) Handel
SONG When at you walk (Albino) Handel
AIR and CHORUS The night would (Albino) Handel
TRIO The night would (Albino) Handel
CONCERTO No. 3 in G major (Albino) Handel
RECIT. (For joy to all) Handel
SONG (For joy to all) Handel
CHORUS The night would (Albino) Handel

A C T I.

GRAND CHORUS. *Atbalia.*

AROUND let acclamations ring,
Hail, royal youth, Long live the King!

S O L O. Mr. GORE.

Reviving Judah shall no more
Detested images adore;
We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
Idolatry from out the land:
May God, from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King.

GRAND CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King.

SONG

(4)

S O N G. Mr. KELLY. *Bach.*

Non sò d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi vâ.
Nel seno a destarmi
Sì fieri contrasti,
Non parmi che basti
La sola pietà.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Blest be the hand, and blest the pow'r,
That in the dark and dang'rous hour,
Sav'd thee from cruel strife.
Lord, favour still the kind intent,
And blest thy gracious instrument,
With liberty and life.

S O N G.

S O N G. Miss POOL. *Handel.*

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
O'er some wide water'd shore
Swinging slow with fullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

S O N G. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

C A V A T I N A.

Dolce riposo
Ed innocente pace
Ben felice è quel Cor
Che vi possiede.

R E C I T A T I V O.

Sempre fù a me tiranno
Il pargoletto amore
Or nuovi Strali al core
D' avventar si compiace
E non lo fana
Allor; che il mal lo chiede.

Cavatina D. C.

B

L'infelice

((6))

L' infelice Medea
Innocente Saria
Se amor non conoscesse
Il germano, ed i figli
Vittime al mio furore
Furon causa d'amore,
E se freme l'inferno
Al suon de detti miei questi non fanno
Render al mio conforto altro che danno.

A R I A.

Quell' amor che è nato a forza.
Non contenta un cor amante
Qual s'accende tal s'ammorza.
E si perde in un istante.

C H O R U S.

Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it;
Earth from thy centre shout:
Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy:-
O forest, and each tree therein,
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

Hallelujah.

ACT

A C T II.

SONG. Mr. NEILD.

WHERE'ER you walk cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes. *Da Capo.*

A I R. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's songs;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute,
At their proud commands be mute?

C H O R U S.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire;
Wake the lute and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

C

SONG.

T R I O.

Signora STORACE, Mr NEILD, and Mr. SALE.

ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEMUS.

Acis and Gal. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains
Ere I forsake my love.

Polyphemus. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polyphemus. Fly swift, thou massy ruin fly;—
Die, presumptuous Acis die!

RECIT.

RECITATIVE. Signora STORACE.

Such news flies swift;—I've heard the mournful cause
 Of all your sorrows—Of my father's vow
 Heav'n spoke its approbation by success:
 Gilead hath triumphed—Israel is free.

RECITATIVE. Accompanied.

For joys so vast, too little is the price
 Of one poor life!—But oh! accept it, Heav'n,
 A grateful victim, and thy blessings still
 Pour on my country, friends, and dearest father!

A I R.

Happy they; this vital breath
 With content I shall resign;
 And not murmur or repine,
 Sinking in the arms of death.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

The mighty Pow'r in whom we trust,
 Is ever to his promise just;
 He makes this sacred day appear
 The pledge of a propitious year.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE. Mr. S A L E.

Rejoice, O Judah, this triumphant day,
Let all the goodness of our God display;
Whose mercies to the wond'ring world declare,
His chosen people are his chosen care.

C H O R U S.

Give glory to his awful name,
Let every voice his praise proclaim.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

C H O R U S.

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Atalanta.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Dirti ben mio.		<i>Leo.</i>
RECIT. 'Tis well.		
MARCH and CHORUS. Glory to God.	(<i>Joskua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. O beauteous queen.	(<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
2d HAUTBOY CONCERTO.		<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Cara sposa.	(<i>Radamisto.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Venus laughing.	(<i>Theodora</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Cara ti lascio.		<i>Hasse.</i>
LAST CHORUS in Stabat Mater.		<i>D'Asforga.</i>

A C T II.

FIRST MOVEMENT of Te Deum.		<i>Graun.</i>
SONG. Caro padre.		<i>Perez.</i>
5th GRAND CONCERTO.		<i>Handel.</i>
DUETTO and CHORUS. Happy we.	(<i>Acis and Gal.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Vo Solcando.]		<i>Vinci.</i>
CHORUS. Hallelujah.	(<i>Messiah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T I.

SONG. Miss POOL.

Leo.

DIRTI ben mio vorrei
Chu l'idol mio tu sei,
Che t'amo,
Che t'adoro
Ma non lo posso dir.
Io t'amerò celando.
Il mio crudel martoro
Andrai tu lusingando
L'occulto tuo martir.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

(4)

RECIT. Mr. KELLY: *Handel.*

'Tis well! Six times the Lord had been obey'd,
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid;
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets—shout and blow the horns!

MARCH and CHORUS. *Handel.*

Glory to God; the strong cemented walls,
The tott'ring towers, the pond'rous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heaven thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground!

SONG. Mr. PAGE. *Handel.*

O beauteous Queen unclofe those eyes,
My fairest shall not bleed:
Hear Love's soft Voice that bids thee rise,
And bids thy suit succeed.
Ask, and 'tis granted from this hour,
Who shares our heart shall share our pow'r. *Da Capo.*

SONG.

S O N G. Mr. KELLY. *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi speme
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.

Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil core,
Il dolore.
Ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo spirto e'l pie.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Venus, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries;
When seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
And revenge sweet love supplies.

S O N G. Signora STORACE. *Haffé.*

Cara ti lascio Addio
Piu non ti vedro
Ah che a dolor si rio
Resistere non puo
La mia costanza.
Si così piace a te,
Morte non a per me
Crudel Sembianza.

Da Capo.

B

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

Afforga.

Christe, cum sitiam exire,
Da per matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriae;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

A C T II.

C H O R U S.

Graun.

**Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur, Te æternum
Patrem, omnes terra, veneretur.**

S O L I.

**Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et universæ potestates: Tibi
cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce proclamant.**

C H O R U S.

**Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni
sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloriæ tuæ.**

C

SONG.

SONG. Miss POOL. *Perez.*

Caro padre a me non Dei

Rammentar che padre sei

Io lo so.

Ma in questi accenti,

Non ritrovo il genitor,

Non son io.

Che ti consiglia,

E il rispetto, d'un regnante,

E l'affetto figlia,

E il rimorso del tuo cor.

DUET. Signora STORACE and Mr. KELLY.

Acis and Galatea. Happy, happy, happy we,

Happy, happy, &c.

Galatea. What joys I feel,—what charms I see!

Of all youths thou dearest boy!

Acis. Of all Nymphs thou brightest fair!

Both. Thou all my blifs!

Thou all my joy!

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy we,

What joys I feel,—what charms I see!

S O N G. Signora **STORACE.** *Vinti.*

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza farte ;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s' imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l' arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar.
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato ;
Meco e sola l' Innocenza
Che me porta a naufragar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

Hallelujah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The
kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and
of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah !

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

SONG. SIGNOR STORAGE. Vini.

Ve l'abbiamo un gran capitale
Senza veder, e senza far
Facciamo l'opera, il che è indurmo
Crisce il vento, e manca l'aria
E si vuol della fortuna
Son contento a far
In felice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato
Meco e sola l'andamento
Che me porta a naufragio

Da Capo
Ritard.
Molto

CHORUS

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
Kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and
of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever.
King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

FIRST MOVEMENT of the DEUCE
SONG. The song
THE GRAND CONCERTO
THE TO THE CHORUS Happy we (with the Gm) Hallel.
SONG. The song
CHORUS Hallelujah

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Deidamia.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Vedrai morir costante.		<i>Hasse.</i>
CONCERTO 11th.		<i>Corelli.</i>
SONG. Laffo ch' io t'ho perduta.	(<i>Atalante.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Righteous heaven.	(<i>Susanna.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
DUET. I'll proclaim.	(<i>Esther</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
LAST CHORUS. Quoniam tu solus sanctus.		<i>Negri.</i>

A C T II.

CONCERTO 1st, Grand.		<i>Handel.</i>
AIR and CHORUS. Virtu che rendi.	(<i>Faramonda.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Se mai senti.		<i>Jomelli.</i>
CHORUS. Then round about.	(<i>Samson.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 6th.	(<i>From his Solos.</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
CHORUS. Immortal Lord.	(<i>Deborah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

The next Concert will be on *Wednesday* the 14th of *April*.

THE BALL OF EXETER
CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC

A C T I

OVER-TUNE
SONG, "Vain man's confidence"
CONCERTO
SONG, "Hail to the King" (Händel)
CHORUS, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)
DUET, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)
1st CHORUS, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)

A C T II

CONCERTO
AIR and CHORUS, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)
SONG, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)
CHORUS, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)
CONCERTO
CHORUS, "The Lord is our strength" (Händel)

The next Concert will be on Wednesday the 14th of April

(3)

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. KELLY.

Haſſe.

Vedrai morir coſtante
L' oggetto del tuo amore
Che fedelta d' amante
Che generoſo core
Che barbara empietà
Non già del mio rigore
Non dell' adverſa forte
Il tuo fedel conſorte
Di te ſi lagnera.

Da Capo.

SONG.

(4)

SONG. Miss POOL.

Handel.

Lasso ch' io t'ho perduta
O bella e dolce prima
Cara mia Libertà
E Son qual augelletto
Ch' ognor fra lacci stretto
In van piangendo va.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Handel.

Righteous Heaven beholds their guile,
And forbears his wrath awhile;
Yet his bolt shall quickly fly,
Darted through the flaming sky:
Tremble, guilt, for thou shalt find
Wrath divine outstrips the wind.

DUET.

DUET. Signora STORACE and Mr. KELLY. *Handel.* ;

I'll proclaim the wond'rous story
Of the mercies I receive,
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
Till the fading day of eve.

All the blessings Heaven is lending,
We'll defend our grateful lays ;
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.

In exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days ;
All our grateful pow'rs combining
To declare his endless praise.

C H O R U S. *Negri.*

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus,
Jesu Christe, cum sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

B

ACT

A C T II.

A I R, Mr. KELLY. AND CHORUS. *Handel.*

Virtu,
Che rendi forte un cor,
D'odio, e di amor
Ti è gloria trionfar,
Anche al destin
Fa forza il tuo poter;
Ed al piacer
Ti guida il tuo penar.

SONG.

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Jomelli.*

Se mai senti spirarti sul volto
Lieve fiato che lento s'aggiri
Di son questi gl'estremi sospiri
Del mio fido che muore per me.
Al mio spirto dal seno disciolto
La memoria di tanti martiri
Sarà dolce con questa merce. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Then round about the starry throne
Of Him who ever rules alone,
Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb;
Of all this earthly grossness quit,
With glory crown'd, for ever fit,
And triumph over death, and thee, O time.

SONG.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
 Whose wonders all around us rise:
 Whose anger, when it awful glows,
 To swift perdition dooms thy foes;
 O grant a leader to our host,
 Whose name with honour we may boast;
 Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
 And break our proud oppressor's chain.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

HANOVER SQUARE.

Madame KRUMPHOLTZ

Respectfully informs the NOBILITY and GENTRY,
that her

B E N E F I T

IS FIXED FOR

FRIDAY the 16th of APRIL,

When will be performed

A GRAND CONCERT

Of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL

M U S I C;

In each ACT of which

MADAME KRUMPHOLTZ

WILL PERFORM

A Grand CONCERT on the HARP.

TICKETS, HALF-A-GUINEA each, to be had of Madame KRUMPHOLTZ,
No. 19, Sherrard Street, Golden Square; and of Messrs. LONGMAN in Cheapside,
and in the Hay-Market.

HANOVER SQUARE

MADAME KUMPHOLTZ

Respectfully informs the Nobility and Gentry,

BENEFIT

FRIDAY the 20th of APRIL

A GRAND CONCERT

OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL

MUSIC;

in each ACT of which

MADAME KUMPHOLTZ

WILL PERFORM

A Grand CONCERT on the HARP.

Tickets, HALF A GUINEA each, to be had of Madame KUMPHOLTZ,
No. 10, Strand Street, Golden Square, and of Messrs. LONDON in Chelsea,
and in the City.

(No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE. (*Ariodante.*) Handel.
SONG. Piangero la sorte. (*Julius Cæsar.*) Handel.
SONG. O had I Jubal's. (*Joshua.*) Handel.
AIR and CHORUS. In sweetest harmony. (*Saul.*) Handel.
CONCERTO 1st. Corelli, Geminiani.
SONG. Intendo il tuo timore. Hæss.
FROST SCENE. (*King Arthur.*) Purcell.
RECITATIVE. But bright Cecilia. }
AIR and CHORUS. As from the Power. } Dryden's Ode. Handel.

A C T II.

CONCERTO 4th. Grand. Handel.
AIR. Ombre fortite. (*Theseus.*) Handel.
RECIT. and }
CHORUS. } Let old Timotheus. (*Alexander's Feast.*) Handel.
CONCERTO 5th. Bond.
RECIT. Me, when the fun. }
SONG. Hide me. } (*L' Allegro.*) Handel.
CHORUS. How excellent. (*Saul.*) Handel.

A C T I.

SONG. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

PIANGERO la forte mia
Si crudele e tanto ria
Finchè vita in petto avrò
Ma poi morta d' ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.

Piangerò, &c.

Da Capo.

SONG.

SONG. Miss POOL.

Handel.

Oh! had I Jubal's lyre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice!
To sounds like his I wou'd aspire,
In songs like her's rejoice:
My humble strains but faintly show,
How much to heav'n and thee I owe.

AIR, and CHORUS. Sig^a STORACE. *Handel.*

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But him defending, bravely di'd;
A loss too great to be surviv'd.
For Saul, ye maids of Israel mourn,
To whose indulgent care
You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has shone.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Oh, fatal day, how low the mighty lie!
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die!
For thy king and people slain.

A I R.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my distress!
What language can my grief express;
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd with thee,
And more than woman's love, thy wondrous love to me!

C H O R U S.

Oh, fatal day, how low the mighty lie!
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head?

B

S O N G.

SONG. Madame M A R A.

Hasse.

Intendo il tuo timore,
 Comprendo il tuo amore.
 Ma, fidati ben mio
 Alla mia fedelta.
 Dell'amor tuo l'ardore
 Da forza a questo core,
 E sempre l'amor mio
 A te fedel fara.

F R O S T S C E N E.

Purcel.

C U P I D. MISS POOL.

What ho! thou genius of this isle! what ho!
 Ly'ft thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?
 What ho! stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake,
 And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

C O L D G E N I U S. M R. S A L E.

What power art thou, who from below
 Hast made me rise unwillingly and flow,
 From beds of everlasting snow?
 Seest thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
 Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
 I can scarce move, or draw my breath?
 Let me freeze again to death.

C U P I D.

C U P I D.

Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
At Love's appearing,
All the sky clearing,
The stormy winds their fury spare.
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?
Winter subduing,
And spring renewing,
My beams create a more glorious spring.
Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
What, dost thou dream of freezing here?

C O L D G E N I U S.

Great Love! I know thee now;
Eldest of the gods art thou.
Heaven and earth by thee were made;
Human nature
Is thy creature,
Every where art thou obeyed.

C U P I D.

(8)

C U P I D.

No part of my dominion shall be waste;
To spread my sway, and sing my praise,
Even here I will a people raise
Of kind embracing lovers, and embraced.

S Y M P H O N Y and C H O R U S.

See, see, we assemble
Thy revels to hold,
Tho' quivering with cold,
We chatter and tremble.

C U P I D.

'Tis I that have warmed you,
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you together;
'Tis I that have warmed you.

C H O R U S.

'Tis Love that has warmed us,
In spite of cold weather,
He brought us together;
'Tis Love that has warmed us.

RECIT.

RECIT. accompanied, Madame M A R A. *Handel.*

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

A I R and C H O R U S.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above.

So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;

F U L L C H O R U S.

The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

C

A C T.

A C T II.

RECITATIVE. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

OMBRE fortite dall' eterna notte
 Il di mirate sol per oscurarlo
 Di mia voce al poter pronte ubbidite.
 E la rabbia e lo' sdegno qui vi conduca
 E' dalle oscure grotte
 Ombre fortite ad apportar la notte
 Tormentate quest' empia
 E col piu crudo horror
 Traffiggetele il core
 O ciel che mai Sara
 Chi mi foccorre O Numi.

A I R.

Sibilando ululando atterrate
 La rival che mi scherni,
 Ne á punirla vi stancate
 Ch' il tormento fá contento
 Questo cor ch' ella tradi.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an Angel down.

CHORUS.

Handel.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an Angel down.

RECIT. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

Me, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves;
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner's eye may look :

D

AIR

A I R.

Hide me from day's garish eye;
 While the bee, with honied thigh,
 Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 Then, as I awake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath;
 Sent by some spirit to mortals' good,
 Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
 In all the world is known!
 Above all heavens, O king ador'd,
 How hast thou set thy glorious throne;

A I R.

A I R, Miss P O O L.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

T R I O C H O R U S.

Along the monster Athiest strode,
With more than human pride;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

F U L L C H O R U S.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord,
With ease the boaster flew;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

How

(14)

How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

HALLELUJAH

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

TRIO CHORUS

N. B. *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing SUBSCRIBERS to the CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC the next Year, are requested to send their Names in writing to Mr. KEYSALL, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE DUKE OF LEEDS,
FOR THE
EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Alcina.</i>)	Handel.
SONG. Se a librarfi.	(<i>La Passione.</i>)	Vinci.
SONG. Total eclipse.	} (<i>Samson.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS. O first created beam.		
SONG. O liberty!	(<i>Judas Maccabæus.</i>)	Handel.
CONCERTO HAUTBOY 5th.		Handel.
SONG. Rendi il fenero.	(<i>Sofarmes.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS. He gave them hailstones.	(<i>Israel in Egypt.</i>)	Handel.

A C T II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Occasional.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS. He smote all the first born.	(<i>Israel in Egypt.</i>)	Handel.
DUET. Together let us range.	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	Boyce.
CONCERTO 5th.		Corelli.
SONG. Shall I in Mamre's.	} (<i>Joshua.</i>)	Handel.
CHORUS. For all these mercies.		
SONG. Sorprender mi vorresti.		Hasse.
CHORUS. Worthy is the Lamb.		Handel.

A C T I.

SONG. Miss. POOL.

Vinci.

SE a librarfi in mezzo all' onde
Incomincia il fanciulletto,
Con la man gli regge il petto
Il canuto nuotator.
Poi si sfofca, e attento il mira;
Ma, fe tema in lui comprende,
Lo foftiene e lo riprende,
Del fuo facile timor.

SONG.

SONG. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no chearing ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

C H O R U S.

O first-created Beam, and thou great Word!
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball!
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

O liberty! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life, without thee, knows no blessing,
No endearment worth careffing.

D U E T.

SONG.

Madam M A R A.

Handel.

Rendi il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d' alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with the hail,
ran along upon the ground.

B

ACT.

A C T II.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HE smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength. But as for his people, he led them forth like sheep. He brought them out like silver and gold; there was not one feeble person in all their tribes.

D U E T. Signora STORACE and Mr. KELLY. *Boyce.*

Together let us range the fields,
Impearl'd with the morning dew;
Or view the fruit, the vineyard yields,
Or the apples clustering bough,
Where in close embower'd shades
Impervious to the noontide ray,
By tinkling rills on rosy beds
We'll love the sultry hours away.

S O N G.

SONG. Mr. SALE.

Handel.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave.

C H O R U S.

For all these mercies will I sing
Eternal praise to heaven's high King.

SONG.

Madam M A R A.

Hasse.

Sorprender mi vorresti
Nume dell' alme imbelle
Ma in vano a me favelli
Nume non sei per me
Al alma mia disciolta
In van catene appresti
Fra suoi rigori in volta
Schernò fara di te.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing SUBSCRIBERS to the CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC the next Year, are requested to send their Names in writing to Mr. KEYSALL, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.*

HANOVER SQUARE.

For the BENEFIT of Mr. CRAMER,

On *FRIDAY* next, the 23d instant,

Will be performed

A C O N C E R T.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

Haydn.

QUARTETTO.

Pleyel.

SONG. Miss Cantelo.

SONATA. Piano Forte. Mr. Cramer, jun. (who is just arrived from abroad.)

SONG. Sig. Marchesi.

CONCERTO, Violin. Mr. Cramer.

ACT II.

Grand OVERTURE. M. S.

Haydn.

SONG. Signor Bianchi.

SOLO, Violin. Mr. Cramer.

SONG. Madame Mara.

SYMPHONY.

Rossini.

Doors to open at Seven o'clock, and to begin at Eight.

TICKETS to be had of Mr. CRAMER, No. 7, Newman Street; and of LONG-
MAN and BRODERIP, Cheapside and Haymarket.

HANOVER SQUARE

For the BENEFIT of Mr. CRAMER,

ON FRIDAY, the 23d instant,

Will be performed

A CONCERT.

ACT I.

Hydn.

Plyd.

SONATA. Piano Forte. Mr. Cramer, Junr. (who is just arrived)

SONG. See Programme.
CONCERTO, Violin. Mr. Cramer.

ACT II.

Hydn.

Regain.

THEATRE to be had of Mr. CRAMER, No. 7, Newman Street; and of Long-
man and Broderick, Chancery Lane and Haymarket.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Ptolomy.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Hear us, O Lord.	(<i>Judas Maccabæus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. How blest the maid:	(<i>Hercules.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 2d, from his Solos	(<i>Opera 1st</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
RECIT. Justly those evils.	}	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Why doth the God.		
CHORUS. Then shall they know.	(<i>Samson.</i>)	
SONG. Dove sei.	(<i>Rodelinda.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
DUET. As steals the morn.	(<i>Il Moderato.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. When his loud voice.	(<i>Jephtha.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

OVERTURE.	}	(Messiah.)	Handel.
RECIT. Comfort ye.			
SONG. Every valley.			
CHORUS. And the glory.]			
RECIT. Dal' ondofo.	}	(Julius Cæsar.)	Handel.
AIR. Aure deh per pieta.			
RECIT. Ma d'ogni intorno.			
CHORUS. See the proud chief.		(Deborah.)	Handel.
CONCERTO 12th.			Corelli.
SONG. The Lord preserveth.		(Anthem.)	Handel.
GLORIA PATRI.		(Jubilate.)	Handel.

LORE WISDOMANT WILLIAM

CONCERT OF ANTIEN MUSIC

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1875

A C T I

- OVERTURE
CHORUS: Heart of O Lord (John Macdonald)
SONG: How bright the night (H. W. H.)
CONCERTO: ad. from the Suite (Gounod)
RECIT: Jesus thou art
SONG: I have heard of thee (Gounod)
CHORUS: I will sing
SONG: O Lord (H. W. H.)
DUET: As from the night (H. W. H.)
CHORUS: When the loud voice (H. W. H.)

A C T II

- OVERTURE
RECIT: Ombra
SONG: Every day
CHORUS: Ave the glory
RECIT: Dal. ondo
AIR: Ave des per pie
RECIT: This is a good evening
CHORUS: For the good that
CONCERTO: 18th
SONG: The Lord preserveth
GLORIA PATRI

A C T I.

C H O R U S.

Handel

HEAR us, O Lord, on thee we call,
Resolv'd on conquest or a glorious fall.

S O N G. Miss P O O L.

How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell
With sweet content in humble cell,
From cities far removed.

By murm'ring rills, on verdant plains,
To tend the flocks with village swains,
By ev'ry swain beloved.

Tho' low, yet happy in that low estate,
And safe from ills that on a princess wait.

Da Capo.

RECIT.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

Justly those evils have befallen my son ;
 Sole author I, sole cause. My griefs for this
 Forbid mine eye to close, or thoughts to rest :
 But now the strife shall end ; me overthrown,
 Dagon presumes to enter lists with God ;
 Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
 His fury soon, and his great name assert.
 Dagon shall stoop, 'ere long be quite despoil'd
 Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

S O N G.

Why doth the God of *Isr'el* sleep ;
 Arise with dreadful sound,
 And clouds encompass'd round,
 Then shall the heathen hear thy thunder deep.
 The tempest of thy wrath now raise,
 In whirlwind them pursue,
 Full fraught with vengeance due,
 Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize.

C H O R U S.

Then shall they know, that he whose name
Jehovah is alone,
 O'er all the earth but one,
 Was ever the Most High, and still the same.

S O N G.

SONG. Madam M A R A.

Handel.

Dove sei amato bene
Vieni l' alma a consolar ;
Sono oppresso da tormenti,
Ed' i crudi miei lamenti
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

DUET. Signora STORACE and Mr. NEILD. *Handel.*

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth doth fancy's charms dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command :
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great Power
That gave them strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B

ACT

A C T II.

RECIT. accomp. Madam M A R A.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God ;
 speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem ; and cry unto her, that her
 warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye
 the way of the Lord ; make straight in the desert a highway for
 our God.

SONG.

S O N G.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill
made low ; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

C H O R U S.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall
see it together ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

RECIT. accompanied. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Dal' ondofo periglio
Salvo mi porta al lido
Il mio propizio fato:
Qui la Celeste Parca
Non tronca ancor lo stame alla mia vita !
Ma dove andrò?
E chi mi porge aita ?
Ove son le mie schiere ?
Ove son le legioni
Che a tante mie vittorie il varco aprirno ?
Solo in quest' erme arene
Al monarca del mondo errar conviene.

C

A I R:

A I R.

Aure deh per pietà
Spirate al petto mio,
Per dar conforto, oh Dio!
Al mio dolor.
Dite dov'è? che fa
L' idolo del mio sen,
L' amato e dolce ben,
Di' questo sen?

R E C I T.

Ma d'ogni intorno io veggio
Sparse d' arme, ed' estinti
L' infortunate arene
Segno d'infausto annunzio al fin farà.

Air. Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

See the proud chief advances now,
With fullen march and gloomy brow.
Jacob arise, assert thy God,
And scorn oppression's iron rod.

SONG.

S O N G. Mr. N I E L D.

The Lord preserveth the Souls of his Saints; he shall deliver them from the ungodly.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing* SUBSCRIBERS *to the CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC the next Year, are requested to send their Names in writing to* JOHN KEYSALL, *Esq. Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.*

THE LIFE OF MR. NIELD.

The first part of the life of Mr. Nield, from his birth to his death, is given in the following pages.

CHAPTER I.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE first part of the life of Mr. Nield, from his birth to his death, is given in the following pages.

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HANOVER SQUARE.

Madame MARA's Night.

On *FRIDAY* next, the 30th. of *APRIL*,

Will be performed

A C O N C E R T.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.

Haydn.

SONG. Miss Cantelo.

SONATA. Piano Forte. Mr. Cramer, jun.

SONG. Madame Mara.

CONCERTO, Violin. Mr. Cramer.

Mad Bess, for that Night only, by Madame Mara, accompanied
by Messrs. Knyvett and Cervetto.

A C T II.

OVERTURE.

Pleyel.

RONDO. Madame Mara, composed by herself.

CONCERTO. Hautboy, Mr. Park.

SONG. Sig. Marchesi.

SYMPHONY.

Bach.

Doors to open at Seven o'clock, and to begin at Eight.

TICKETS to be had of Madame MARA, No. 8, Golden-square; and of LONG-
MAN and BRODERIP, Cheapside and Haymarket.

HANOVER SQUARE.

Madame MARA's Night.

On FRIDAY next, the 30th of APRIL,

Will be performed

A CONCERT.

ACT I.

Here.

OVERTURE.

SONG. Miss Cantelo.

SONATA. Piano Forte. Mr. Cramer, Junr.

SONG. Madame Mara.

CONCERTO. Violon. Mr. Cramer.

Mad. Mara, for this Night only, by Madame Mara, accompanied

by Messrs. Kayser and Corvino.

ACT II.

Here.

OVERTURE.

RONDO. Madame Mara, composed by herself.

CONCERTO. Harpsichord. Mr. Park.

SONG. Six Mairies.

SYMPHONY.

Doors to open at Seven o'clock, and to begin at Eight.

Tickets to be had of Madame MARA, No. 8, Golden-square; and of Messrs. Swan and Broderick, Chancery and Haymarket.

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LORD GREY DE WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1790.

A C T I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. This day.

CHORUS. Awake the trumpets lofty.

SONG. Here amid these shady woods. (*Alex. Balus.*) *Handel.*

RECIT. If I give thee.

SONG. Let me wander, &c.

CHORUS. And young and old.

CONCERTO 10th.

RECIT. A father.

AIR. Waft her angels.

SONG. Let the bright Seraphims.

CHORUS. Let their celestial concerts.

} (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

} (*L' Allegro.*) *Handel.*

Corelli.

} (*Jephtha.*) *Handel.*

} (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

A C T II.

OVERTURE.

(*Pharamond.*)

Handel.

SONG. What tho' I trace.

(*Solomon.*)

Handel.

CHORUS. Hail mighty Joshua.

(*Joshua.*)

Handel.

SONG. Gentle Airs.

(*Athalie.*)

Handel.

CONCERTO. 1st. (*Opera 3d.*)

Geminiani.

RECIT. Alma del gran Pompeo

} (*Julius Cæsar.*)

Handel.

SONG. Affanni dell penfier.

ANTHEM. The king shall rejoice.

Handel.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
LORD GAY OF WILTON

CONCERT OF ANTIEN MUSIC

WEDNESDAY MAY 2 1872

ACT I

OVERSUNG
RECIT. The day
CHORUS. I wish the summer's joy
SONG. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
RECIT. I wish the
SONG. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
CHORUS. And young and old
CONCERTO solo
RECIT. A voice
AIR. When the night
SONG. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
CHORUS. I wish the summer's joy

ACT II

OVERSUNG
SONG. When the night
CHORUS. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
SONG. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
CONCERTO solo
RECIT. A voice
SONG. I wish the summer's joy (Mrs. Baker) Handel
CHORUS. I wish the summer's joy

A C T I.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY. *Handel.*

THIS day, a solemn feast to Dagon held,
Relieves me from my task of servile toil ;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest! To breathe heav'n's air blowing fresh, pure
and sweet.

CHORUS of the PRIESTS of DAGON. *Handel.*

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound ;
The joyful sacred festival comes round ;
When Dagon, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

A I R.

A I R. Signora S T O R A C E.

Handel.

Here amid these shady woods,
Fragrant flow'rs, and crystal floods,
Taste, my soul, this charming feat,
Love and glory's calm retreat.
Hence, vain doubt, and idle fear:
Joy, and only joy, dwells here.

R E C I T A T I V E. Mr. K E L L Y.

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

S O N G.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green:
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

S O N G.

S O N G. Miss POOL.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks found
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.

C H O R U S.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

R E C I T A T I V E. Mr. NIELD.

A father, offering up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

B

A I R.

A I R.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain ;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

Let the bright seraphims in burning row,
Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow ;
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

C H O R U S.

Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

(2)

CHORUS

Thou, mighty Jehovah, hast thy name
Enthroned in glory, and thy throne
Our children's children shall adore;
Thy deeds are everlasting words,
Thy name shall be praised forevermore.

SONG. M. N. I. D.

Gentle and meek, thy love is true,
Call for thy people out of dust;
Thou art the Lord our God, and we
Sweetly rest in thee, our God.

A C T II.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

WHAT though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew!

C

CHORUS.

(8)

C H O R U S.

Hail, mighty Joshua, hail! thy name
Shall soar into immortal fame.
Our children's children shall rehearse
Thy deeds in never-dying verse;
And grateful marbles raise to thee,
Great guardian of our liberty!

S O N G, Mr. N I E L D.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe;
Lull the royal mourner's pains,
Sweetly sooth her as you flow.

R E C I T. Madam M A R A.

Handel.

Alma del gran Pompeo
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un ombra fei;
Così termina al fine il fasto umano;
Ier chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi rivolto in polve un urna terra.
Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso!
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un sasso.
Misera vita! o quanto è fral tuo stato,
Ti formo un soffio, e ti distregge un fiato,

A R I A.

(9)

A R I A.

Affanni del pensier
Un sol momento,
Datemi pace almen
E poi tornate.
Ah che nel mesto sen
Io gia vi sento
Che ostinati la pace
A me turbate.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord ; exceeding
glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory, great worship hast thou laid upon him : Thou hast
prevented him with the blessings of goodness, and hast set a
crown of pure gold upon his head.

Hallelujah.

T H E E N D.

N. B. *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing SUBSCRIBERS
to the CONCERTS of ANCIENT MUSIC the next Year, are re-
quested to send their Names in writing to JOHN KEYSALL,
Esq. Queen's Square, Bloomsbury.*

